

sugar rush by Val-Creative

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Summary: El really wants to kiss Max on the bus ride home.

sugar rush

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The shuttle bus rocks forward, coming to a complete stop and unloading more passengers. Max eyes them from her window-seat.

"Do you see that?" she perks up, jabbing her forefinger at an older gentleman and his teddy bear-patterned necktie.

When there's no reply, Max glances over. Her newest friend stares broodingly at her sherbet waffle cone. It's been a full day since El publicly broke up with Mike Wheeler outside the mall, and she seemed so giddy about asserting herself. El liked the feeling of possibilities and making her own decisions. But... Mike had *always* been there. Like a security blanket.

Max bumps her shoulder gently to El, drawing her attention.

"Don't be upset about Mike, alright? He's a jerk," she says, sipping a drizzle of vanilla ice cream leaking onto her hand. "There's better people for you out there."

"To kiss?"

"I mean, sure." Max wrinkles her nose, pointing out thoughtfully, "Eventually. If that's what you really want." She notices El studying her quietly, those brown eyes lidding. Her lashes dark and quivering. Max's throat feels like it's tightening up.

Under the voices of the emptying mall bus, she hears El whisper, "Can we?"

"What?"

"Kiss."

Vanilla ice cream smears against Max's chin and nose as she loses her aim, groaning, rubbing off her face with her wrist.

El only sits there next to her on the bus-seat, astonished, grasping firmly onto her own cone. Mortified? Apologetic? There's no napkin to offer so she waits for Max to clean herself up first, her pale and freckled skin turning sugar-sticky.

"I don't know how anyone kisses me besides Mike," El tells her, seeming frantic. "And I don't want—"

Max's lips press against hers, shushing her, warm and melty. El's heart rabbits up her chest. She goes on instinct, on what El knows, opening her mouth slightly and nearly shivering with delight as Max's tongue feels around the rim.

Oh.

"Young ladies—" A woman with lots of blue eyeshadow approaches them, frowning severely and touching over the seat-rail.

El bursts out giggling, separating from Max, nervous and cheeks burning. She giggles harder when Max rolls her eyes and tugs on El's arm, abandoning their treats to the bus's floor. They ignore the yells, running. It doesn't matter. None of it matters. El spins around, her brown hair shining and edged in sun-gold, cupping Max's face on the sidewalk and kissing her harder.

Max feels like she's a decent kisser, and El thinks so too. Better than decent.

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Stranger Things isn't mine. Requested by lavendrr_sky (AO3): "el says she doesn't know if mike is a good kisser bc she doesn't have anyone to compare him to (or something like that) so maybe max kisses her." Most adorable bbies. Okay well we are ending on a high note. This is the very last fic I had written and posted for this ST challenge! It's been a fun journey and thank you to everyone who commented, faved, kudoed, and basically interacted with me! If I've missed someone then please let me know. Any last thoughts/comments about the challenge are welcomed as

well as on this fic! Thank you for being here!